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DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOR.

The following Tribute to the Dead Soldiers of the Union, is from the Address of

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Delivered at Wellington, in this State, on the 31st ult., at the Decoration of the Soldiers' Graves.

(From the Ohio State Journal.)

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic,
and Fellow-citizens:

In responding to your invitation to speak at this solemn and beautiful ceremonial, I feel that no happier event ever befell me, no prouder emotion ever flattered me. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, this is indeed a splendid and a consecrated scene! Brilliant though it be, it is only a small and insignificant portion of that mighty chorus which commemorates in speech and song the brilliant gallantry and sublime heroism of the patriot dead. Throughout this vast Commonwealth there are songs sang, and there are fervent eulogies delivered, and there are prayers offered to the Throne; and there are thousands of free women, moved by a gentle heroism, decorating every grave-spot with beautiful chalets of flowers. All these honors are the highest expressions of the gratitude of the loyal heart towards those matchless soldiers who loved the country so well. Upon the banks of our great rivers, in the log-huts on the Plate, the Rio Grande, where the shaggy pioneer bears aloft the stars and stripes, emblematical of civilization, is this day held with becoming reverence. In the valley of the Sacramento, in the golden gorges of the Yuba, away in the deserts of Alaska, the great and illustrious deeds of the heroic dead are mentioned with devotion.

The dead soldiers of the Union! How grand the text! They went to death with all the radiance and enthusiasm of the noblest chivalry. By faith they subdued slavery and rebellion. Though thousands of them have no splendid mausoleum to enshrine their ashes, though no pomp marshalled their leaths, yet their memory is sweet, and their usefulness eternal as the duration of liberty. In a cause just and holy they suffered the loss of all things, laying down willingly their lives in dungeons, and even with a rapture exploring the stroke of martyrdom! It may be justly said of them, what an eloquent Eu-

ropean said of those who fell before the walls of Buda, the consciousness of doing right, impressed on their dead features, proved them to be the nameless demigods of liberty.

Since that fatal May morning, rich with roses, when the traitorous shot was fired at the flag of the Republic, many a noble form that marched to the music of the Union, has gone to rest. Long is the necrological list—sad, yet magnificent!

The youthful and impulsive Ellsworth! the quiet and beautiful Winthrop! the heroic Lyon! Mitchell with his genial face and kindly heart, schooled in philosophy and science, trampling on the prizes of lettered ambition! McCook of the lion heart breathing out his life and in the agonies of dissolution preaching to assassins the Gospel of the Union! McPherson, having his soul's life in the great cause of the country, sank beneath the cannibal blows of infuriated rebels, gapping upon him with their mouths as a ravening and a roaring lion. Who can recall that name, and not be impressed with a sentiment of unearthly greatness; his was a master mind; his was a consuming zeal; his was a holy heart; there was in him an assemblage of qualities which in all their power and ennobling forms, raise him to a parallelism with the noblest confessors and martyrs of Freedom. Even now, as I speak, the silver ones of his voice, as I heard it on that fatal day in July, seem to float to us, and it will ever reverberate down the records of a brave nation's history!

How does the wave of the Chattahoochie seem to redden with his blood, and to murmur with his name!

His companion and trusted friend, Gen. Rawlins, eloquently and beautifully said of him, that by the oblation of his death, he was raised to a higher command, the command of the Celestials! Surely the gallant McPherson is there, listening to the music he loved so well, while his soul dwells on the enshrined image of one, the power of whose eyes had

cast a spell over his life. Time would fail to tell of the brave thousands who fell on every battle-field of the Union. Andrews, the student soldier, who had earned every leaf of his honored boys, bearing the boldest witness to the Union and the Constitution of his country! Lytle, wielding a power to which all difficulties yielded, great as a soldier but gentle as the flower which he loved to train! Smith, the stripling, who defied the giant power of rebellion in its strongest defenses, with indomitable heroism planting the banners of the Republic where no power can cast them down, nor trail them in the dust. Then those master minds, Sedgewick, Wadsworth, Reynolds! The spectacle of our Martyrology grows upon us and oppresses us. The heavenly archives have filled up with no mean names, the seal of the living God touches many a brow, as noble victim after victim falls in this warfare! Eternal in their dazzling beauty, they look down upon the impotence of chains and rebel prisons, while they walk in triumph and sing of a victorious Union. Is it nothing to honor their example and experience? Is it nothing to point to their labors, peril and splendor? Should not such models be contemplated, so that the nation may never want heroes? Would that I could strew their graves with these rare violets and that they remained of perpetual beauty, bloom and fragrance! Pale, dreamless sleepers, their memories are dearer to their country now than when their life blood ebbed away. They fell in the war for the Union! Their graves by day shall be watched over by the flowers of red, white and blue, and by night the constellated stars! Their names and deeds will never be forgotten. They will live in the hearts of their countrymen. Wherever Freedom plants her standard, they will be hailed as the champions of human Rights. Americans will always keep their memories green. The trophies of Pyrgas of Miltiades on the plain of Marathon suffered not Themistocles to sleep. The beautiful actions of women, whose loving hands wreath flowers, emblems of purity, are the most sacred pledges that the patriot dead will be remembered. The statues of Themistocles, in Greece, long fired the Grecian heart. So let our spotless shafts of marble perpetuate in imperishable characters the undying fame of the dead soldiers of the Union. It was under such inspiration that a fiery young Greek, when standing on the plains of Marathon, exclaimed—"The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep!"

A more appropriate and expressive token of affection could not be shown than that which is signified by these flowers, sweet bright things which gem the earth with their radiant beauty; which array the nations in a style of magnificence, surpassing that of Solomon in all his glory; and which clothe the meadows and the forests with

grandeur. Frail indeed they are, and yet how beautiful in their frailty! how decked with white, and gold, and joyous colors! I have said, that this is a sacred and brilliant scene! Not in words gaily colored with the summer light, which sometimes on such occasions beautifies the syllables with which the mind gives forth its thoughts, do I desire to speak of the memories of the hour. The shroud, the sealed lips, the cold hands, and the beautiful head bound with the cypress wreath of death, forbid any other thoughts, than those suggested by the day. The occasion is suggestive of the *indestructible love of liberty*, which inspired our martyred dead. It was the thrilling cry of "Liberty endangered," that caused every height in the Free States to flame with its beacon fires. It was this glorious love of Liberty that enabled the soldier dead to face the red hall of death. For six thousand years tyrants have tried to crush it out of the heart of humanity. Their faggots, their Inquisitions, their Star Chambers, have been in vain! The more it has been oppressed, the more, like the fabled bird of Arabia, it has stretched its wings for loftier flights! Its every ascension striking down to the earth, oppressors and throne builders. The dungeons, the convict ships, the swords, the guillotines, the black masks, and the scaffolds of tyrants, have signally failed to extinguish in the breast of humanity the generous flame of freedom. Robert Emmett, old Ireland's brightest patriot, and the half million Union soldiers who died for this Republic, splendidly indicate and establish the grandeur and eternal growth of human Liberty. The prisons, the graves, the fields, the gallows trees, where the glorious company of apostles, the goodly fellowship of martyrs and the noble army of reformers suffered and died, are triumphant guarantees that Liberty is from God and that its success is as certain as His Throne. When the flag of Columbia, the banner consecrated by our fathers to freedom was assailed by traitorous hands, a million patriots shouldered their muskets, and at the bugle call of President Lincoln, left loving wives, venerable mothers and beloved sisters. These noble and elect ladies, with tears, glowing with enthusiasm, standing on their threshold, imparted their farewell benedictions. Dear Liberty! Lovely and sacramental as Heaven's wide rainbow! Liberty, for which our father's fought. Liberty for which Henry plead! Liberty for which Warren, Montgomery and Putaski died! It was that this Liberty might be perpetuated that the nation is dotted over with the hillocks and green mounds of our precious dead. Thank God, that not only at home, but abroad, Liberty is advancing her dominions. We see it in the potent specific muttered in the musketry of Madrid. It is trumpeted to us in the litany of rising nations. The Cuban movement will be victorious. Success to our Cuban brothers! Hail to the Queen of An-

tilles! My own green isle has caught the generous contagion.

The touching ceremonial of to-day reminds us very surely of the glorious *Patriotism* of our people at the outbreak of the war. Patriotism is a word that suggests the most stirring memories. It is invested with the rich and warm associations of that dear spot that sheltered us in infancy, and where we imbibed and exchanged some of the purest charities of the heart. It is a principle that is inherent and universal. Splendid dynasties may change; present forms of government may be swept away; but patriotism, love of father land will be as tender and as sacred in the world's gray age as in its primeval morning.

What can be sweeter in its pathos than Virgil's touchingly beautiful account of *Andromache* flying from the wrath of gods and men, and building up in a new land a little image of her ancestral city of Sigemum.

The noble poet Byron, in his fine tragedy of the "*Tuo Foscari*," illustrates and indicates one's love of country.

How often has the American when wandering over the earth said with poor Jacobi:

Ah, you never were far away from Venice. Never
Saw her beautiful towers in the receding distance,
Whilst every furrow of the vessel's track
Seem'd punching deep into your heart! You never
Saw day go down upon your native spires,
So calmly in its gold and crimson glory,
And after dreaming a disturbed vision
Of them and theirs, awoke and found them not.

The Poles never forget their own beautiful Poland. They cling to the memories of their antique land with a rare and matchless attachment. Through the broad streets of London they will follow the hearse of Campbell, and when one of their countrymen is entombed they throw upon his grave some holy clay, brought from the fields of the Vistula. It is a tribute not less sacred than the wedding ring to the genius which gave voice to the dreams, the martyrdoms, the great conspiracies for freedom, which for a century has made Poland the noblest of the European nations.

How grand the patriotism of our own people in 1861! Never on our soil was there a prouder pomp! not when mustered for Washington. The march of brave thousands to the seat of war was unparalleled! A country with such sons can never perish. All nations had representatives in the Grand Armies of the Union! How true the thrilling lines.

Comrades! around our camp fires bright
Here's to our starry banner
That flies across the brow of night,
God's choicest blessing on her;
And while men worship freedom's name
They will man our deck and cannon
And fight for freedom all the same,
By Hudson, Rhine, and Shannon!

The ceremonies and services of this hour also remind us of the valor displayed by our dead comrades. In active warfare the life of

soldier is very different from that which is beheld on the day of review, when he appears marching with the regiment, dressed in a gay attire, his bright bayonet glittering in the sunlight. On the field of battle the scene is different. Hardships great and manifold gather around him there. He has to confront a ruthless and an unscrupulous foe, who is sweeping on him to meet him with destruction blazing in his view. Who has been able to read of those terrible engagements in Virginia and the West, under Grant and Sherman, without a shuddering horror?

Where rushed the steeds to battle driven;
Where shook the hills by thunder riven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

The bravery of our troops is the admiration of the world. Infinitely bright are the halos of glory which encircled the brows of these renowned battalions. These valiant defenders of our liberties were the princes of the land. They belonged to its aristocracy—the people. They were not the scum of the earth, as they were designated by that hoary-headed ruffian, Lord Brougham. No, by Heaven, they were your brothers and mine—the purest of the pure and the bravest of the brave. They thought that liberty was worth blood, and they nobly died for freedom and for right. It is not irreverent for me to say that at the advent of Christian soldiers the everlasting gates fly open; that a grand ovation takes place; that on Heaven's immortal camping ground new tents are spread; that other mansions are opened; that other crowns of glory are set; that other golden harps are tuned; that the SEALED THROG gathers to itself new renown!

These remarks of mine would be incomplete and graceless, were no allusion made to the patriotism and loving devotion to the dead soldiers of the fair women of the land, the elegance of whose minds is best reflected in the graces and charms of their persons. Imitators of the dignified Cornelia, who made her sons less worthy of the country that gave them birth than of their own great mother, who taught them how to die in defense of its liberties; it was their delightful task to add the captivating influence of beauty and persuasion to the cause of liberty. It was their approbation that sent thousands to war; it was their prayers that steeled the arm of the soldier and crowned his brow with the wreath of virtue. In their flushed and exulting beauty, the ladies of the nation encouraged the youthful soldier to win their affection by deeds of glorious emulation. Like the heroes of France, they were commanded "to go first and deserve well of their country." Glory and honor to the ladies of America, who, throwing aside the shields of their physical weakness, followed in the wake of the battle storm, ministering to the suffering and dying soldiers on the field and in the hospital. What could be

deeper in its patriotism, more holy and loving in its devotion to the dead, than this labor of love in decorating by woman's hands the soft, rich earth and the quiet grassy graves where our heroes lie buried.

Requiescat in pace! The unreturning brave!

Ye died not in vain! With the courage of patriots and with a love of Columbia, holy as the saints, burning as the lovers, heroic as the martyrs. Ye have gone to your reward. May your beautiful memories be pious, glorious and immortal!







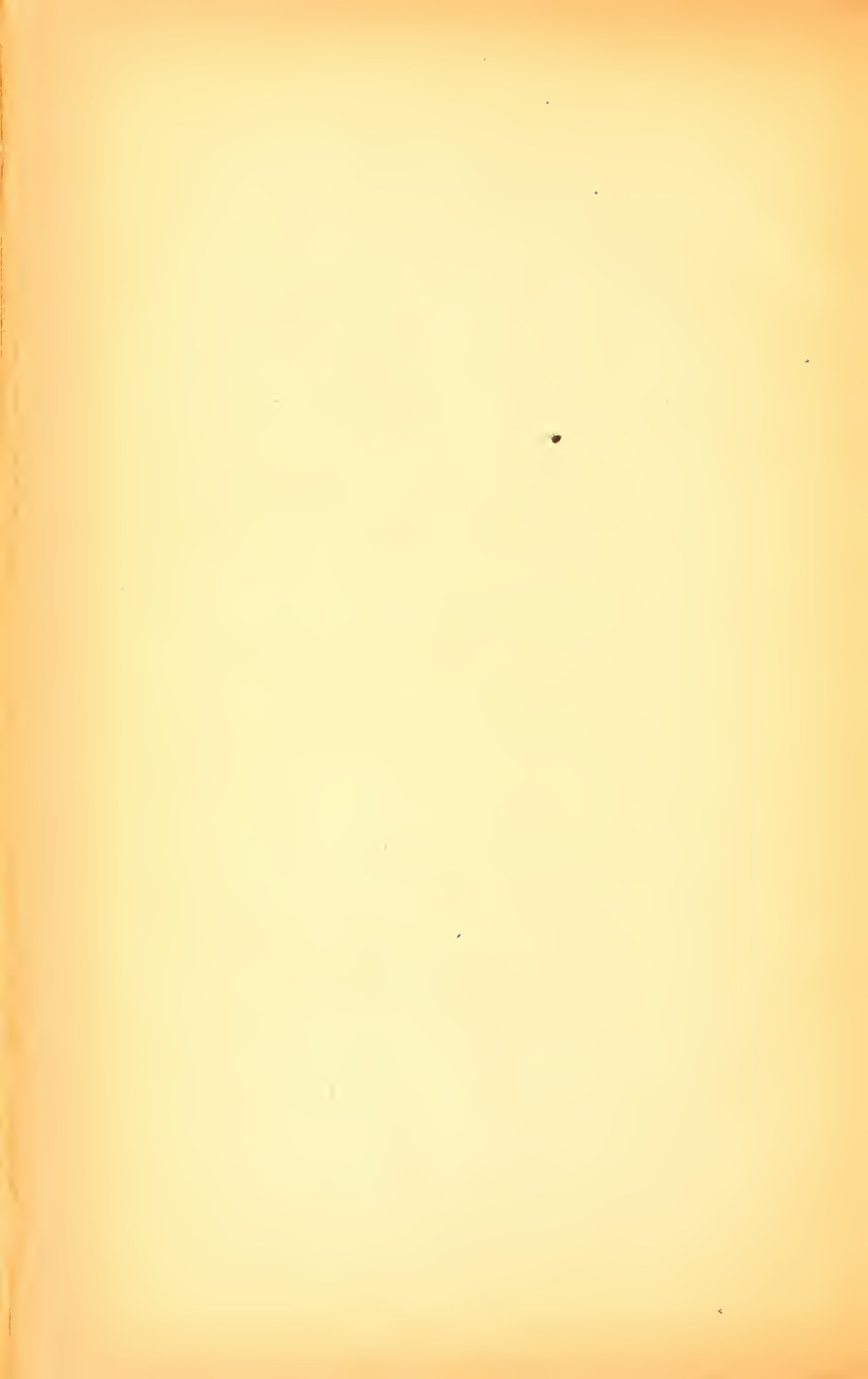






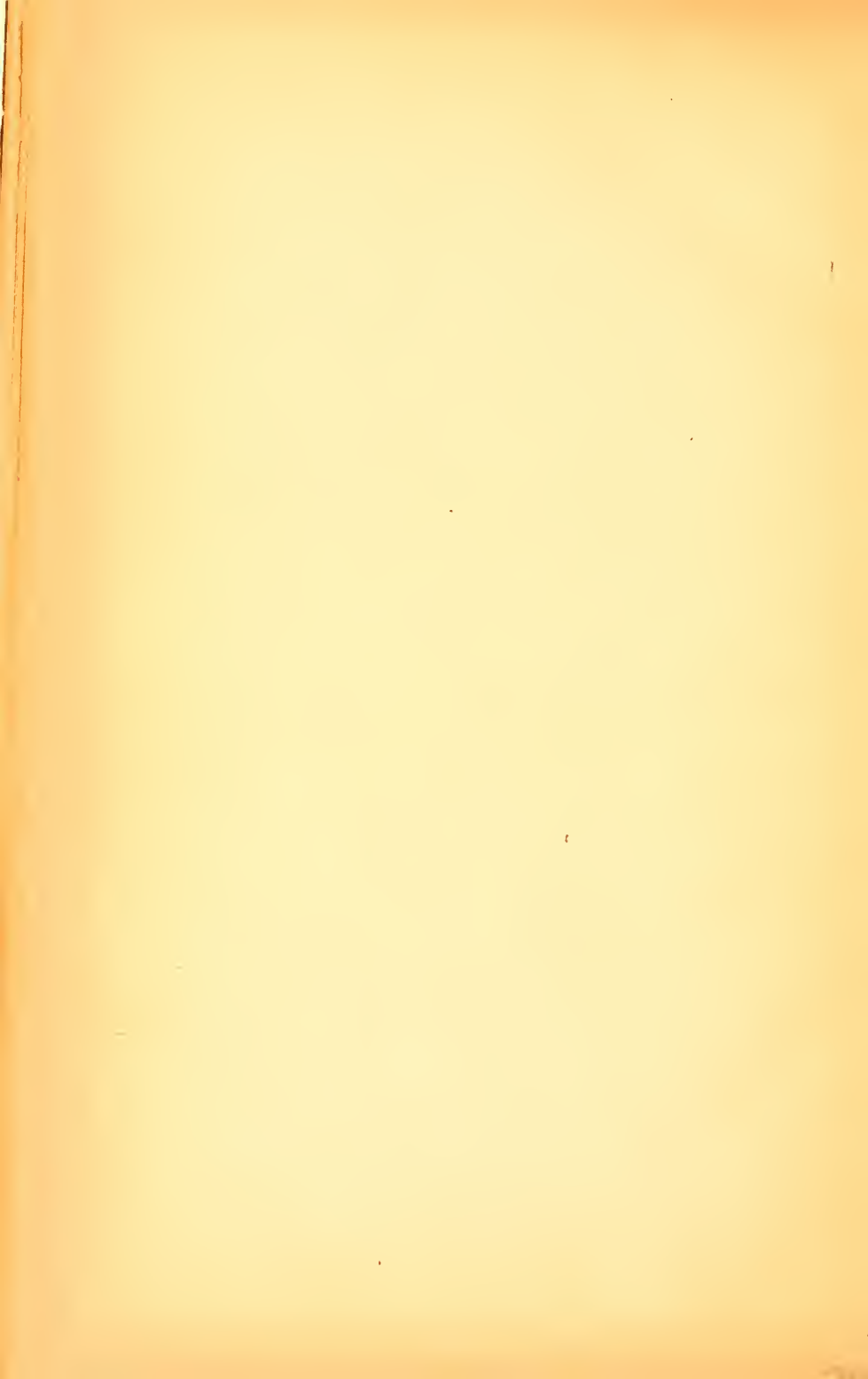




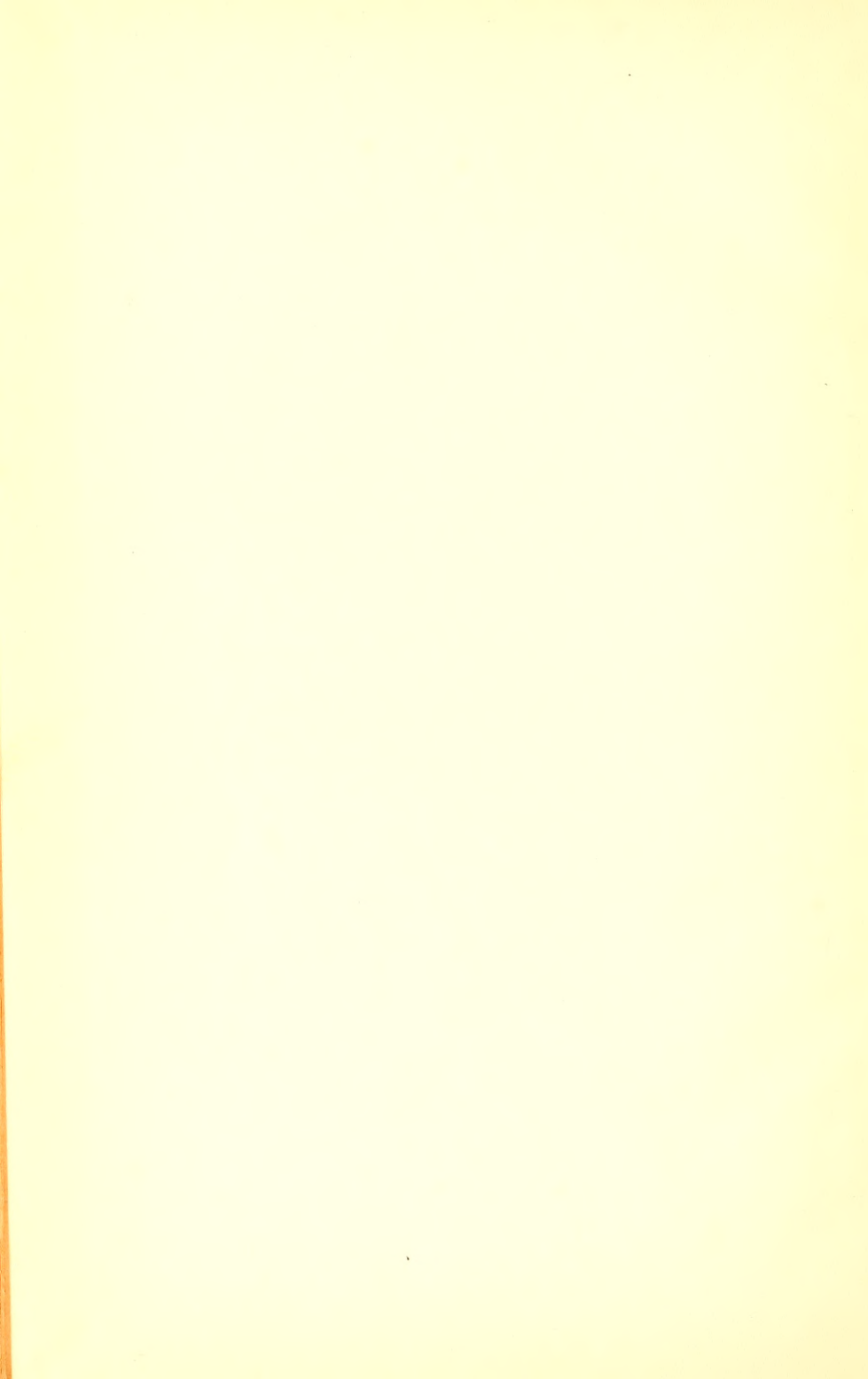












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